

A Scotch Song in the last New Play, Sung by Mrs. Cross.

(Numb. 1)

1696.

D^E'el take the Warr that hurri'd *Willy* from me, who to love me juſt had ſworn, they made him

Captain ſure to undoe me, woe is me he'll ne'er return; a thouſand Loons a-broad will

Fight him, he from thouſands ne'er will run, day and night I did in-vite, to ſtay ſafe

from the Sword and Gun: I uſ'd allureing Graces, with muckle kind Embraces, now Sighing,

then Crying, Tears drop-ing fall; and had he my ſoft Arms, preferr'd to Wars alarms, by

Lovegrown mad, without the Man of Gad, I fear in my fit I had granted all.

II.

I Waſh'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
 Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men;
 And on my Head a huge Commode ſat Cocking,
 Which made me ſhew as tall agen:
 For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
 Which with golden Flowres did ſhine;
 My Love well might thirꝝ me Gay and Bonny,
 No Scotch Laſs was e'er ſo Fine.

My Petticoat I Sported,
 Fring too with Thread I knotted;
 Lace Shoos and Silk Hoſe garter full over Knee.
 But oh! the fatal thought,
 To *Willy* theſe are nought,
 Who Rid to Towns and Rifled with Dragoones,
 When he filly Loon might have Plunder'd me.